



THE BLUE OWL

SPRING ISSUE 1961

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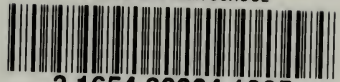
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The *Blue Owl* is published by the students of Attleboro High School, Attleboro, Massachusetts, under the supervision of the English Department.

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SOMETIMES

SOMETHING HAPPENS

DOROTHY CANFIELD describes some tales about the people in her home town in Vermont. Well, Sandy Point, Maine has some characters too! We have spent four summers there and we are fond of Maine folk even if they absorb our efforts at conversation with many a "E-yah." Since they are wonderful at keeping opinions unexpressed, it takes time to know them. But a delayed mail truck means quite an assembly at the post office and here and at the community suppers you can learn that sometimes something happens in the tiny, quiet spot. Some of the ordinary-appearing people turn out to be unusual, and I'd like to mention a few.

The Perkinses run the post office and general store at Sandy Point. When the second world war came, Mr. Perkins was drafted. Mrs. Perkins ran the store, acted as postmistress and raised five children. Now the children have homes of their own, but Mr. and Mrs. Perkins still run the store and post office.

Le Grande Henderson, who writes under the pen-name of Le Grande, put aside his Augustus series to write "Here Comes the Perkinses," a story based on the postmaster, his wife and five children. His story took place in the house next to ours; Le Grande at that time owned our house. Henderson was quite a boat enthusiast as was quite obvious when you saw his house. Not only did he have ship lanterns but he even put portholes in the living room walls! When a hurricane was forecasted he got in his boat (which he had taken on trips to Hawaii and Jamaica) to put it in a safe harbor at Castine. The storm overtook

him and he rode out the entire storm in open water fortified by some wine and the prayers from those on shore.

Here is another sea story which is probably the inhabitants', especially the old, retired sea captains' favorite story. The channel is quite tricky, the deep part looks shallow (this is on the left side of the buoy). One night a young sailor, fresh from naval academy, was headed inland for Bangor. He was following the course perfectly until he reached the channel. He thought they had made a mistake on the map and instead of going to the left of the buoy he went to the right. As a result, he grounded the boat, to the intense amusement of the old sea captains.

WE HAD ONE of these retired sea captains paint our house. He refused to use a ladder. Instead, he threw a thick rope over a limb, made a boatswain seat, painted one part, then pulled the rope and swung over to another part. At the highest peak of the house, among the tree-tops, he was as daring as a circus performer.

Since Sandy Point is located at the spot where the Penobscot river meets the ocean, the waterfront creates much interest. The first summer we were there, a Spanish boat docked at the pier. Last year a Greek boat was moored there. Every evening the sailors would walk up and down the road singing as loudly as they could. We appreciated their harmony, although we could only communicate with them by gestures.

Of course, not all the attention is focused on the waterfront. Patronized by local residents, summer folk and tourists are the Saturday night bean suppers. For the modest sum of sixty cents (twenty-five cents for children) plates of beans are served with hot rolls, tossed salad, homemade pie and coffee. It's hard to believe, but second helpings are free.

So, like Dorothy Canfield said, "It all depends on what you mean by 'happen'." The smocked and hatted lady who picks blueberries in a granite pail may turn out to be an artist. If someday her dog should desert her and come our way, and the owner should retrieve him, I'm certain we'd meet another interesting person. I'm tempted (like Dorothy Canfield's grandmother) to help things along and whistle!

OUR SENIOR PLAY

LAST SATURDAY evening in the high school auditorium, the class of 1961 presented its Senior Play under the direction of the English department. The play, "Ben-Hur," was well received. David McIntyre played the title role, backed by an All-Star cast including Jeffrey Phillips as Messala, Joan Greve as Anna Marie Alberghetti, David Ogelvie as Esther, James Hanley as Patrice Lamumba, Patricia Doyle as George Holcomb and John Lewis, John Amaral, Charles Grochmal and James Gill as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The play was set in romantic, scenic Stanleyville during the Boer War. Ben-Hur, disguised as a traveling salesman for the Quaker Oats Company, meets his good friend Messala who is found walking his two dogs Mars and Eros. Messala and Ben-Hur quarrel over the dogs (Ben-Hur kept confusing them by yelling "Up!," "Down!") and swear to kill each other.

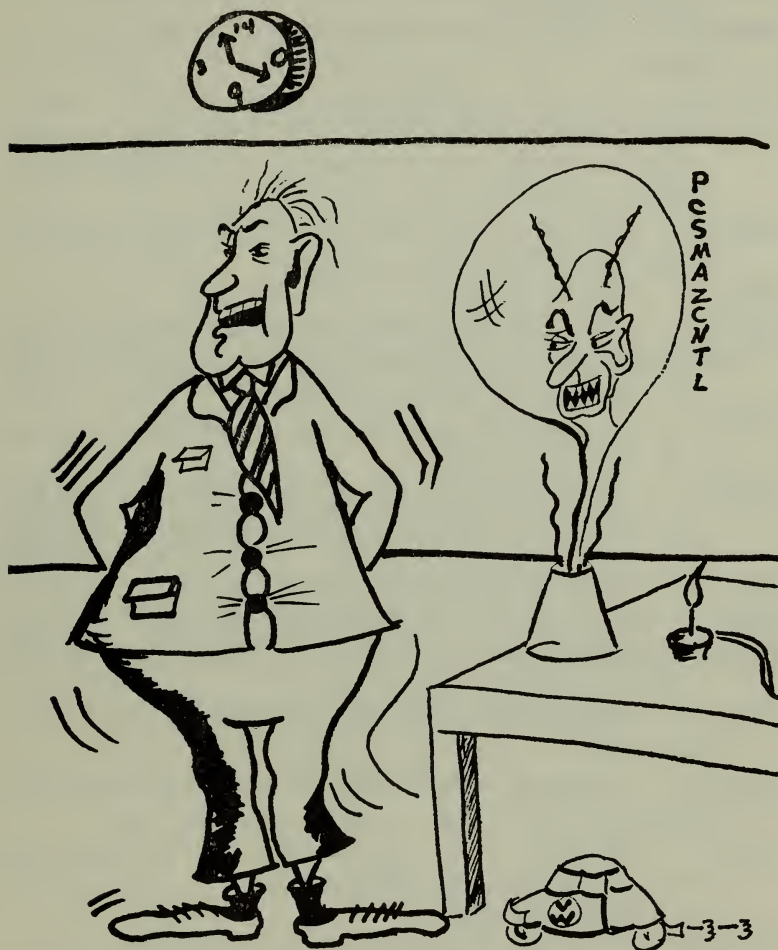
Meanwhile, Ben-Hur's mother and sister (Diane Sauer and Marcie McCracken) go on a health food craze and move into a cave, refusing to come out unless it is raining. Ben-Hur gives up trying to get them to come out and in despair goes to sea. Here, a dramatic scene, as David McIntyre stands at the footlights, and on bended knee, recites a soliloquy about Christopher Columbus. After two years of fighting winds, rains, sleet, gloom of night, Portuguese pirates and customs officials, Ben-Hur and his ship, the Santa Maria, return home.

In the final scene the action rises to a feverish pitch as Ben-Hur and Messala (Jeffrey Phillips) race their chariots through the orchestra pit trampling some twenty musicians including Robert Poholek, David Carlson, and Howard Winslow, who was accidentally dragged down the left aisle by his trombone slide.

The climax came when Jeffrey Phillips as Messala made a magnificent death plunge into a vat of flaming chow mein from the front row of the balcony.

The play was produced by Jeffrey Carlson. Adaption from the novel was by Ruth Nelson and Sue Wallace. Music was supplied by Mr. Jeffrey Goding conducting the orchestra of Lawrence Welk.

We wish to thank the American Red Cross without whose help our Senior Play would not have been possible.



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PLAY

ACT I, SCENE I — *Mayor's office*

MAYOR — John, I would appreciate it if you took your feet off my desk. It doesn't give a favorable impression to strangers.

JOHN — Sure, Mayor, How much is that cheap concrete you sell, Hurley?

HURLEY — I don't sell "cheap" concrete, I'll have you know!

MAYOR — Yes, Mr. Hurley, how much is your quality product? Please Mr. Hurley — your feet — they scratch the desk and you just can't get those marks out.

HURLEY — Oh, I'm sorry Mayor. I've had that problem before and I know how you feel.

JOHN — What problem?

HURLEY — Scratches. All over the side of my car. Spoiled the looks of it. You know what I did? (pause) I got some rubbing compound and fixed it.

MAYOR — Do you think it will fix my desk? These scratches do not look good.

HURLEY — Sure, just get a can of this compound. It'll fix your desk like new. You could do it some Sunday afternoon.

MAYOR — What do you think, John?

JOHN — Sounds good, how much is it Hurley?

HURLEY — Let me see, . . . \$1.75 per yard, tax labor, profit . . . I'd say \$5.00 a yard.

MAYOR — What! What's the matter with you? I only want a can of it!

HURLEY — A can of what? Concrete is sold by the yard, everybody knows that.

JOHN — The Mayor will take enough to resurface the sidewalk around the Park Monument . . . Say! That's a good cigar you have.

HURLEY — Sure is. I pride myself in my taste for cigars.

JOHN — Mayor, I suggest you purchase a few boxes. They make a tremendous impression.

MAYOR — Is that so? Mr. Hurley, where do you purchase these fine cigars?

JOHN — Oh, don't bother Hurley, Mayor. I'll pick them up. Would you give me a blank check? I'm not too sure what the price is.

SCENE II — *Local Restaurant*

B. T. BARNES — Good afternoon, John. What could I do for you?

JOHN — Well B.T., it's this way. We're doing some work along the river and we figure that a new bridge would be a good idea.

B. T. — That's very thoughtful of you, but tell me one thing — what river?

JOHN — The Bay River, of course.

B. T. — Are you kidding? Well, when is the contract to be signed?

JOHN — Oh, we don't bother with things like that.

B. T. — I'm sorry then. My company can't take a chance like that.

JOHN — O. K. if you insist, I guess we can get one. We can sign it tomorrow afternoon.

B. T. — Tomorrow is Sunday! The mayor won't be there!

JOHN — Yes he will. He has some work to do.

SCENE III — *Mayor's Office*

Enter John and B. T. Barnes

JOHN — Hi Mayor; working hard?

MAYOR — Hello John. Hello Mr. Barnes.

JOHN — Where are the contract forms?

B. T. — What are you doing mayor?

MAYOR — Fixing my desk. These scratches take something

*As it clattered on the roofs and panes,
As it soared along the gutters,
As it seemed to clear the dust away —
How beautiful it was.*

*After it stopped, people silently inhaled
The fresh flowers washed by the showers;
Silently they thanked the Lord,
With luster in their eyes,
For this rain, this welcome rain.*

away from its appearance. Mr. Hurley suggested I use this rubbing compound. Did you say something John?

JOHN — Where are the contract forms?

MAYOR — Over in the cabinet. Mr. Barnes what brings you here today?

B. T. — Don't you know? — John, what is the meaning of this?

JOHN — I didn't get to tell him yet. Mayor, B. T. has come over to sign the contract for the new bridge.

MAYOR — What new bridge?

JOHN — You missed a scratch . . . The bridge over the river.

MAYOR — What river? How's it look now?

JOHN — Much better. The bridge over the Bay River, of course; . . . B. T. sign on the dotted line, Mayor sign just above his name.

B. T. — Is this legal?

JOHN — Sure it is, that's the Mayor's signature!

ACT II, SCENE I — *Local Diner*

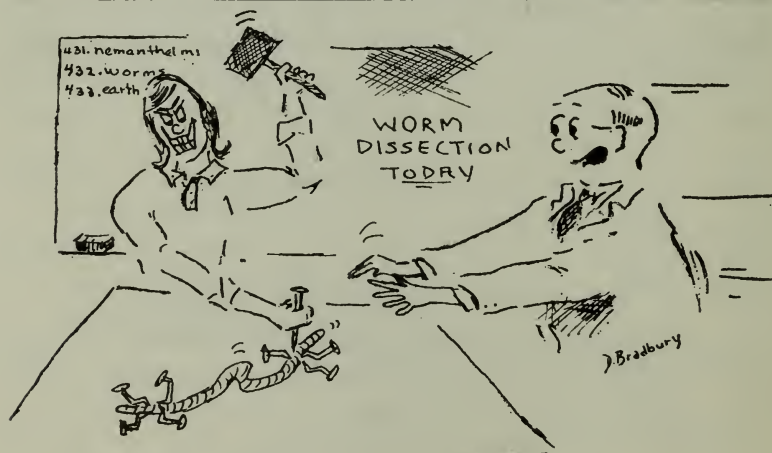
JOHN — Hello Mac.

MAC — What'll it be, John?

JOHN — Hamburg, Too bad about the Mayor eh? Real nice guy, finest Mayor we ever had.

MAC — What do you want on it?

JOHN — Everything. People are fools, you know Mac? The Mayor was a great guy.



"Miss Bradbury, please!"

MAC — Anything to drink?

JOHN — Yes, coffee, one sugar. The thing I can't figure out is why he lost by so many votes. He was a great mayor.

MAC — It'll take a minute for the hamburg, the stove's cold. People were pretty tired of him, I'd say.

JOHN — How could they be? He was —

MAC — Well, I don't go in much for politics, but I hear a lot here and the stories I've heard would burn your ears off.

JOHN — Is that so?

MAC — Would I lie to ya'? Why I've heard that he has spent more money for things we didn't need than for the things we did need. Take a look at that gem he put over last year. Why anyone would authorize a fifty foot steel bridge over a drainage ditch I can't understand?

JOHN — But that's the Bay River, not a drainage ditch.

MAC — Call it what you want. Bay River or drainage ditch, it still is only four and a half feet wide. The size of that bridge would make you think it was the Erie Canal!

ENTER MAYOR

JOHN — Why hello Mayor. I am terribly sorry. The people have made a mistake, but time will show them their great error.

MAYOR — Thank you John. Mac, has the Capital City paper arrived yet?

MAC — No your honor. It's too bad you lost. I don't go too much for politics, but my customers have told me you're one of the finest mayors we ever had.

MAYOR — That's kind of you to say. It'll be rather strange not being mayor, but I am thankful I had the opportunity and John, I want you to know that besides being the best maintenance supervisor the city has had, your advice had a tremendous effect on many of my decisions and much of the credit given to me should go to you.

JOHN — It was really nothing.

MAYOR — Well I'll see you later. (exit)

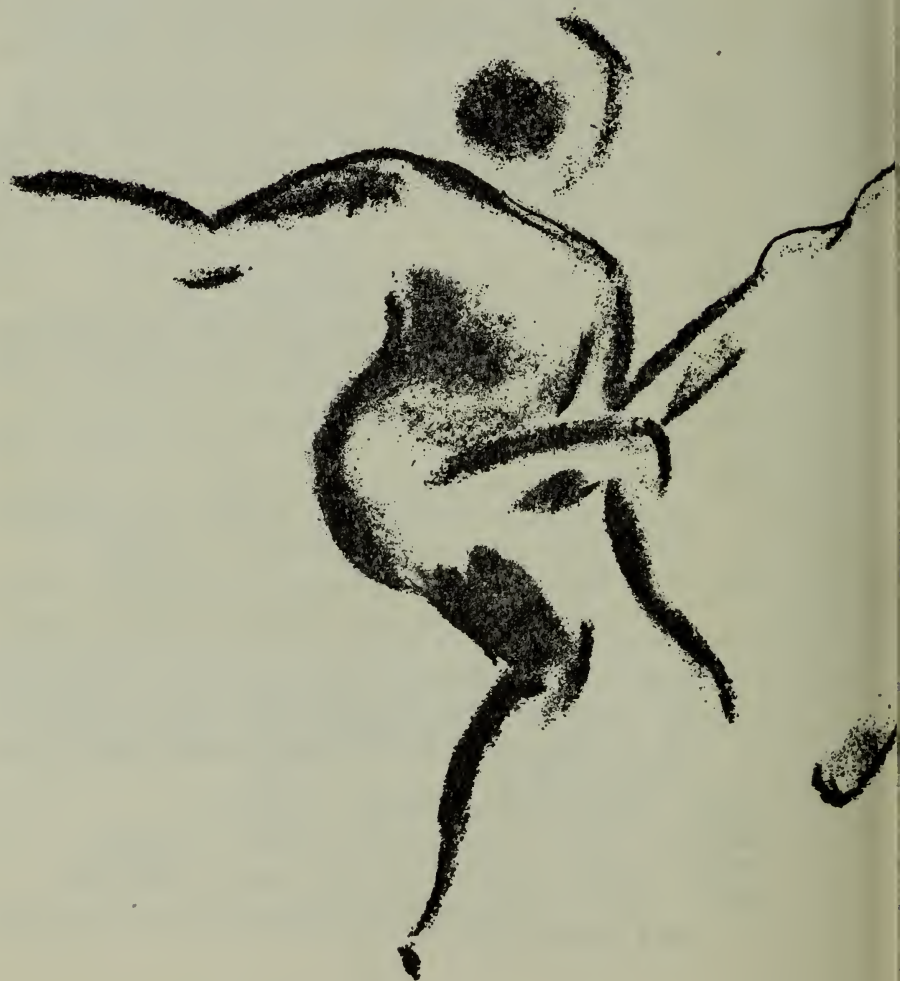
JOHN — Great mayor! fine man! best we ever had!

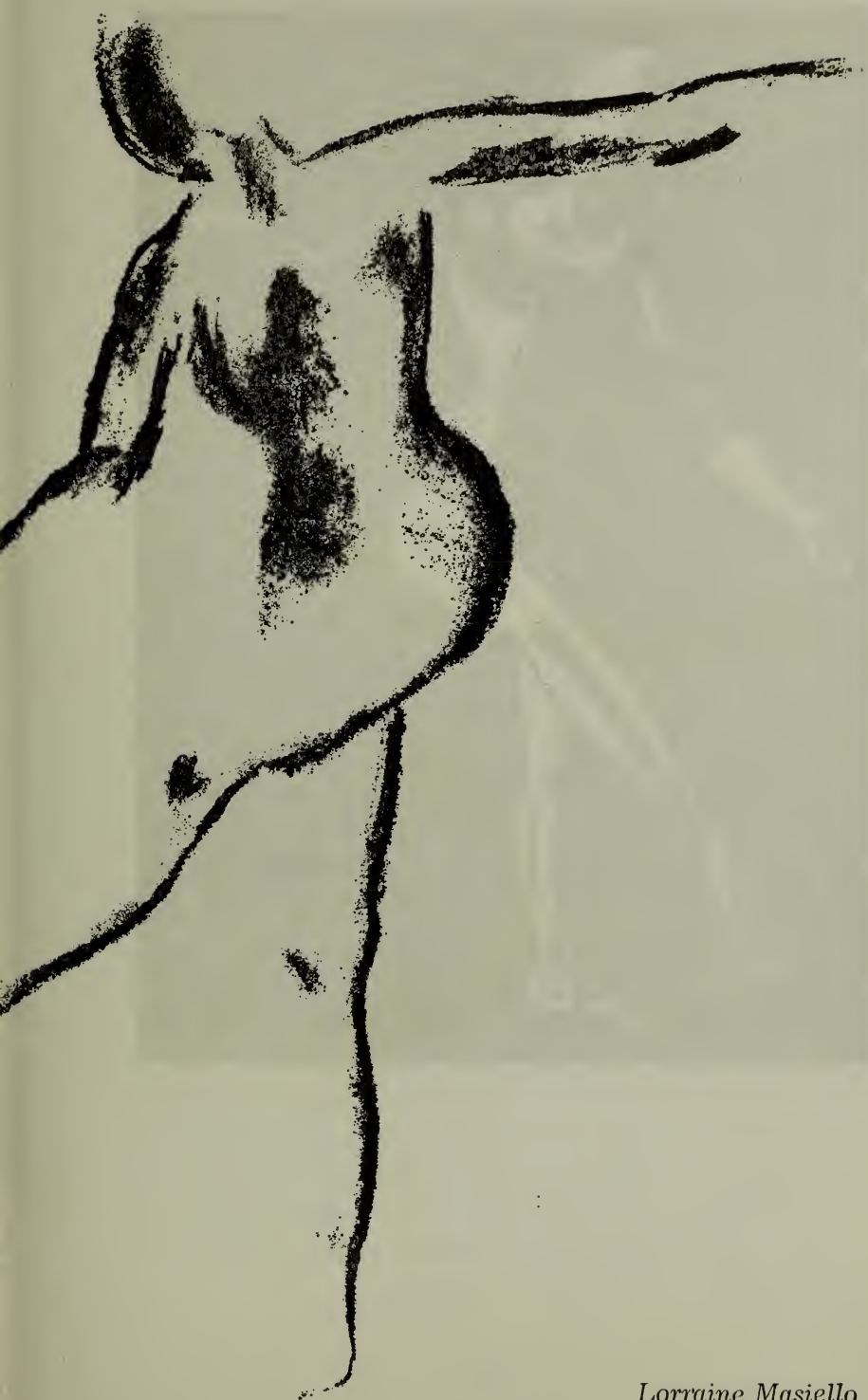
MAC — Here's your hamburg. I hope now we can get some good government!

THE BALLERINAS

*Mellow colors splashed across the sky
after the dancing ladies died
one by one,
then two by two,
the dancing raindrops
disappeared from view.*

PATRICIA DOYLE





Lorraine Masiello



*The joys of life
Were once to him
A goal more precious
Than cool-scented breezes
On a hot summer night.*

*The joys of life
Were once to her
An object she desired
As a rabbit does
A fatal bit of black snake.*

JACK LEWIS

IMAGIST POEMS

*The little church,
Bathed in moonlight,
Casts silent shadows
Against the towering pines.*

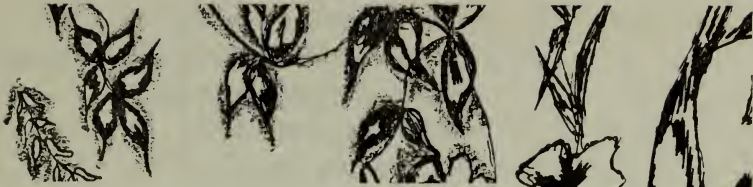
ESTHER REED

*On the dunes that day
air was thin;
nothing was avoided
by the sun.*

JOHN NICHOLSON

*The deer leap
into the foilage
when brushed by
a swift-moving shell.*

ARMAND ST. JEAN



A sea of flowers,
A meadow of water:
Boats and bees in my vision
On a singular mission
To put and take the valuable cargo.
To every port and flower it will go to.

JOHN SEARS



*Warm morning breezes,
Sweeping across the flowered lawns,
Usher in a new generation
Of life and revival;
Awaken the death
Of the long dark night.*

BARBARA WHITIS

*Dampness closing in,
loneliness on four sides.
The lights
of passing cars
shriek out
hello
and, passing,
leaving you spattered,
enveloped in
loneliness.*

MARIE FREDERICKSON

*Scudding ranks of fog flank the snow,
Night winds repel the force but show
The world a cold and naked dawn.
The snow is gone.*

*Pure mantle white, why must you leave
Naked brown earth as if to grieve
And fill all hearts, when looking there,
With deep despair?*

*What comfort in this loss?
As roses with the thorn?
Snows passing is the cost
Of having Spring reborn.*

JAMES HANLEY

*In summertime when the day is clear
I get in my sailboat and steer
To the farthest island.
Down come the sails
Pull, furl, tug, and tie
Just the thought makes me sigh.
With the sun and the wind and the spray,
To be there again on the bounding main
And never ever come home again.*

CONNIE MURPHY

*Glide by, clouds —
Glide slowly your sightless faces,
Slip your white mass
Over the blue skies,
Settle your maze over the trees,
Shelter the earth with your body of fog.*

MARCIA McCracken

SJAAN VANDENBROEDER

AN ULTRA-SENSE

FROM THE ROOFTOP of the weathered red barn, the countryside could be seen for miles around. The barn was not only extremely high, but its roof was slanted at the perfect angle for either scrambling across its surface or sprawling out over its thick shingles.

The air always seemed to be just a little bit fresher on the rooftop; for the breezes that wafted in from the apple orchard below brought with them the odors of the outdoors. There, as no place else, the nostrils became ultra-sensitive to the fragrance of nature. One could almost smell the greenness of the soil. There was nothing in the world of fragrances to compare with this. No luscious combination of cinammon and baking apples and browning crust could even touch the odor of apple blossoms in bloom, or hay freshly mown.

On the rooftop, one might close his eyes and still see. For on the rooftop, the nose was the vital function: seeing, hearing, and knowing with every intake of precious breath.

I AM IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT WITH MR. KRUTCH

DALE ATHANAS

I AGREE COMPLETELY with Mr. Krutch's story "Conversation is Not Enough." He also says that "As man moves in, the larger, more conspicuous and, usually, the most attractive animals begin to disappear." I have found these things true of Attleboro and its neighbors. The most abundant animals in our community are squirrels, rabbits, and chipmunks. The deer, however, are becoming scarce. I have been hunting for three years and I haven't seen a deer yet. Bear can only be found in certain regions of Massachusetts. They are usually found more to the north. There have been a few occasions where bears have been seen in the vicinity of Attleboro in recent years, but this is quite rare. The fox, raccoon, skunk, weasel, mink, and muskrat are all becoming scarce and many of them now hunt at night to avoid man. As all these predators decrease, the rodents and others pests increase.

The birds, however, have their own problems. Some are similar and some are different. The most common birds in our neighborhood are the grackle, starling, English sparrow, robin, oriole, bluebird, bluejay, crow, pigeon, and a variety of smaller birds. Only the grackle, starling, and English sparrow can be considered destructive. They destroy grains, fruits, and other crops. Ducks are becoming scarce. Five ducks are becoming so scarce that it will soon be against the law to hunt them. These are the canvasback, hooded merganser, ruddy duck, wood duck, and the red head. Geese are slowly disappearing. Several species are protected by law because they have come close to extinction. The upland game birds are so scarce that it is necessary to stock some of them so that they are not all killed by hunters. The upland game birds are the wood-cock, partridge, quail, and ruffed grouse. The pheasant is also included in this category but it is not native to the United States. It was imported from China as a game bird and has become well established in our country. Earlier in our history, the wild turkey was a quite common New England bird, but now it is all but extinct. The predatory birds present quite a problem. So many of them have been killed by hunters and farmers that there are hardly any of them left. There are many different hawks but only

JILTED

DIANE HEAP

*The ocean that my loved one sails,
the pier from which he left,
his face,
they haunt me.
Won't I,
like him,
forget?*

four are destructive to poultry or wild game. These are the Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, the goshawk, and the duck hawk. The duck hawk is also common as the American peregrin falcon. Even these four are needed to balance nature and keep the population down. The broad winged hawk, red shouldered hawk, red tailed hawk, and the marsh hawk, and others of this type feed mostly on mice, rats, insects and other pests. The swallow tailed kite and the red tailed kite are almost extinct, and there are others on their way. Owls are also being killed off almost as fast as they multiply. Only the great horned owl is destructive to wild game and poultry. The others, like the hawks, feed on rats, mice, insects, and other destructive pests. The eagles are one of our biggest problems. All eagles are now protected by law. The bald eagle, our national symbol, is so protected that to kill or molest it is a federal offense. Severe fines and imprisonment can result from disturbing it or its nest. On the whole, for all the damage that hawks, owls, and eagles cause, they repay us many times over by killing off more destructive pests, rodents, and insects. Almost all ocean birds are now protected. The law was put on these birds before there was any serious trouble and there is now little danger of them becoming extinct. A few rare birds are found in Attleboro. They are rare in the sense that there are few of them left or they are not usually found in this area. Four of these are the blue hereon, the grossbeak, the osprey, and an occasional eagle.

I AGREE WITH Mr. Krutch when he says that a wildlife refuge or sanctuary for "the innocent" creatures; to protect them from predators will not work. My idea is to set aside large tracts of land in its natural state for

birds and animals to live safely in. That is, safely from man. I feel that the animal population in such an area should be balanced according to the ways of nature. There should be just enough predatory birds and animals to keep down the rest of the population and protect it from overpopulation and disease. There should be just enough of an animal population to feed the predators and to live comfortably upon the land which they are allotted. In this way, I feel that a tract of land set aside for birds and animals could be used to its best advantage, and would be well worth while. As Mr. Krutch says, "We must live for something besides making a living. If we do not permit the earth to produce beauty and joy, it will in the end not produce food either."

DAVE McINTYRE

FAMOUS QUOTES

The following are a group of famous quotes made by or about famous people. The dates of some of these are rather uncertain and have thus been approximated.

1. Columbus, upon arriving at San Salvador on October 13, 1492: "Lafayette, we are here! . . . or it is er, ah, um."
2. Paul Revere, April 14, 1775: "Now let's see, one if by land, or 'tis it two? O.K. High low one, low card two."
3. Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, speaking at a Women's Club in Washington, D. C., 1856 "Four score and seven years ago . . ."
4. Mrs. Wright, 1900: "Wilbur, stop that! Do you hear? Stop it, Wilbur! I said to stop flapping your arms, and come down."
6. Tarzan, 1903, after Jane had stepped on his toes: "Aaaahowhaawhwaah!"
7. Mrs. Einstein speaking to neighbor: "Isn't Alfrie cute figuring out those numbers and letters on the wall? But, oh, how I wish he'd tell me what those little two's next to the E, m, and c mean."
7. Nathan Hale, about 1778 (date uncertain), at scaffold: "Say, George, take this down. 'I only' . . ., say, George, how would "regret" sound?"

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